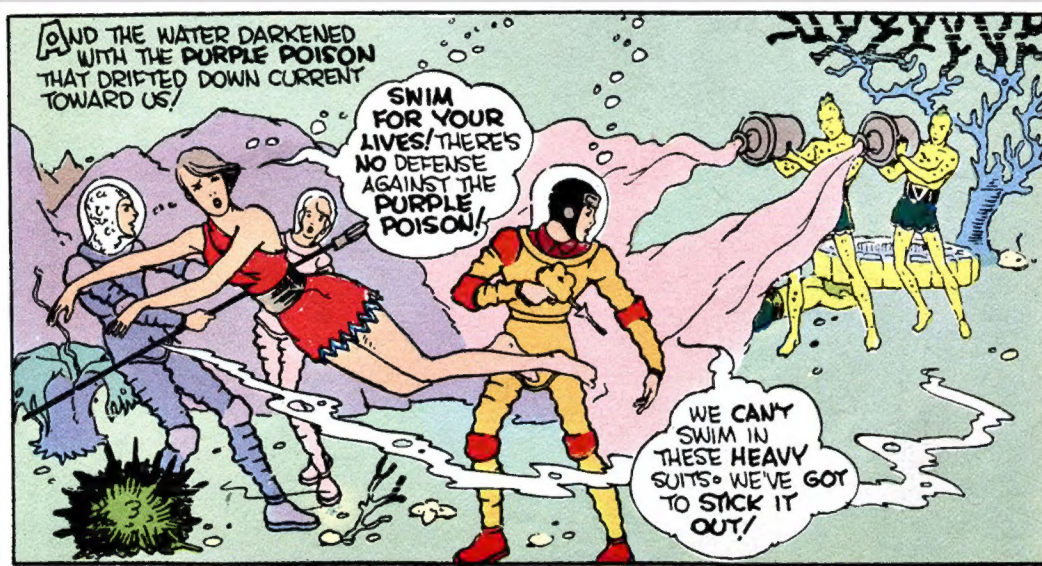


Buck Rogers

25th
CENTURY
A.D.



Sunday Story 02

"Fish Men of Planet X"

June 22, 1930 to September 7, 1930

Series I Strips 13 to 24

by Russell Keaton



BUCK ROGERS

WHO SLEPT 500 YEARS AND WOKE UP IN 2430 A.D. TO FIND A CHANGED WORLD AND A SERIES OF AMAZING ADVENTURES.

BUCK ROGERS

2430 A.D.

By Phil Nowlan and Dick Calkins



BUDDY DEERING

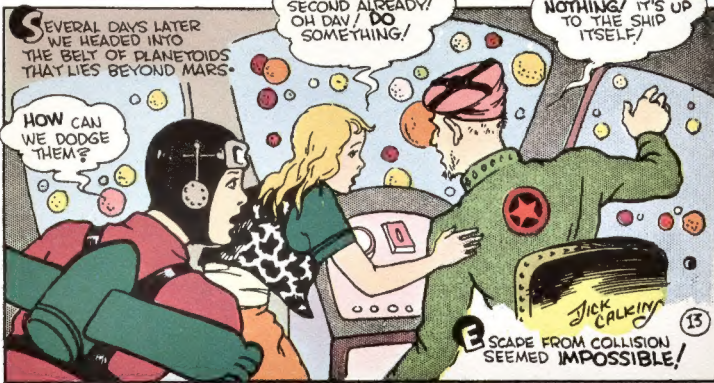
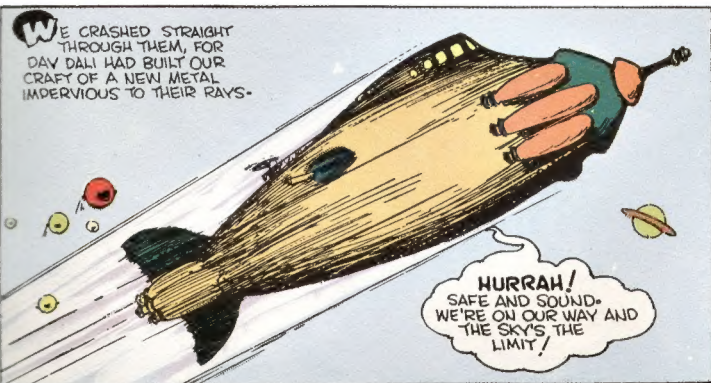
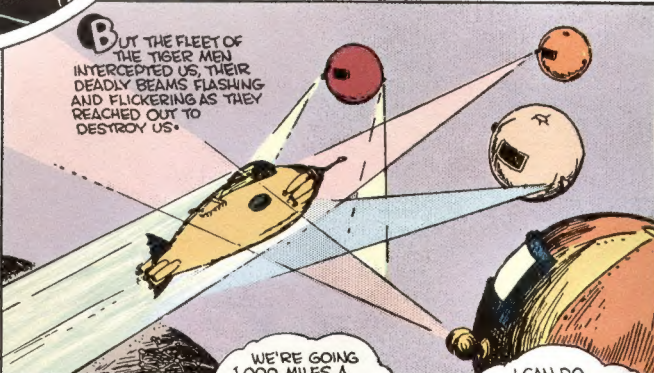
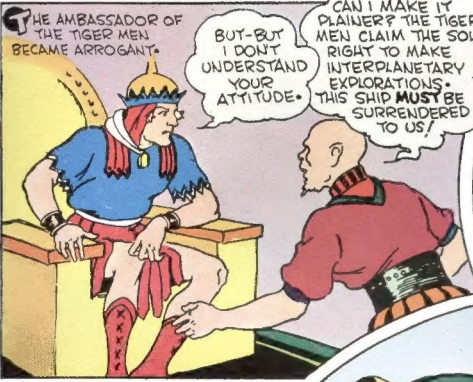
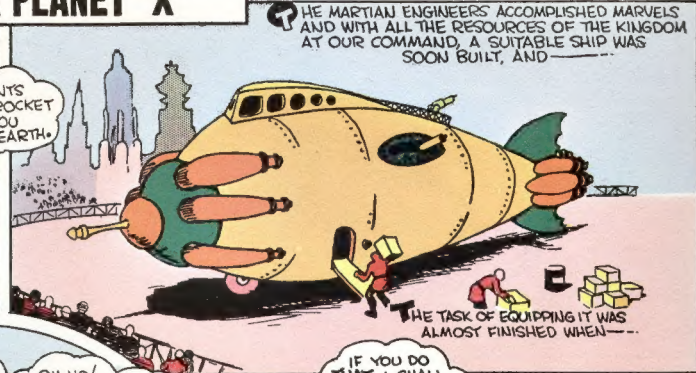
BROTHER OF WILMA AND FRIEND OF BUCK ROGERS. WAS THE INVENTOR OF A FLYING BELT AND THE FIRST PERSON FROM EARTH EVER TO SET FOOT ON ANOTHER PLANET.

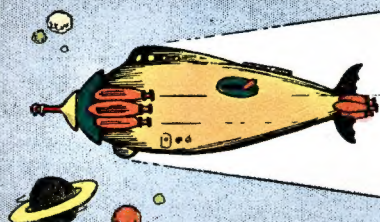


WILMA DEERING

A 25TH-CENTURY GIRL WHOSE COURAGE AND SCIENTIFIC KNOWLEDGE MADE HER A FITTING AND LOYAL COMPANION TO BUCK IN HIS ADVENTURES.

THE START FOR PLANET "X"



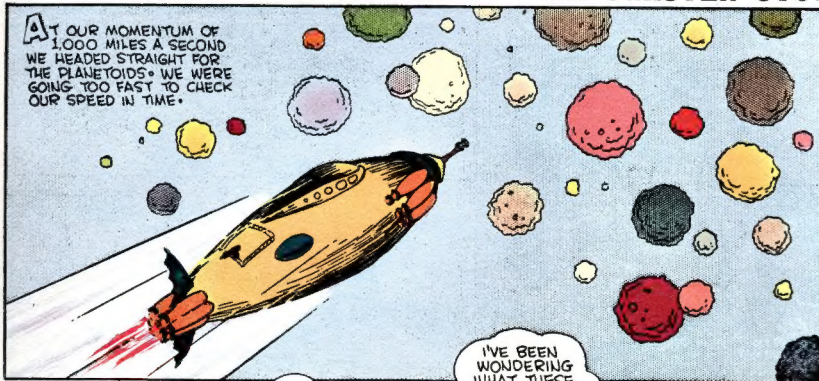


Buck Rogers

DEAR READER:
WE HAD SHOT AWAY FROM MARS ON OUR JOURNEY TOWARD PLANET "X," CRASHING THROUGH THE FLEET OF TIGER SPACE SHIPS WHICH TRIED TO STOP US. WE SEEMED DOOMED WHEN WE HIT THE BELT OF PLANETOIDS THAT LIES BEYOND MARS. HOW COULD WE DODGE THROUGH THESE FRAGMENTS OF MATTER SWINGING SWIFTLY THROUGH SPACE?
Buddy Daring

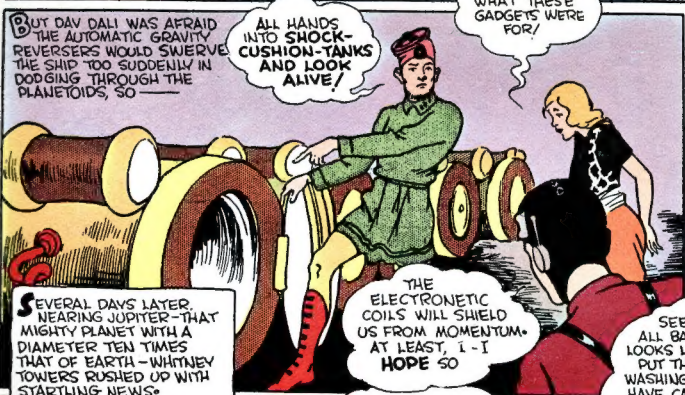
PHIL NOWLAN
AND
DICK CALKINS

THE SINISTER STOWAWAY



AT OUR MOMENTUM OF 1,000 MILES A SECOND WE HEADED STRAIGHT FOR THE PLANETOIDS. WE WERE GOING TOO FAST TO CHECK OUR SPEED IN TIME.

I'VE BEEN WONDERING WHAT THESE GADGETS WERE FOR!



BUT DAV DALI WAS AFRAID THE AUTOMATIC GRAVITY REVERSERS WOULD SWERVE THE SHIP TOO SUDDENLY IN DODGING THROUGH THE PLANETOIDS, SO

ALL HANDS INTO SHOCK-CUSHION-TANKS AND LOOK ALIVE!

THE ELECTRONIC COILS WILL SHIELD US FROM MOMENTUM. AT LEAST, I - I HOPE SO

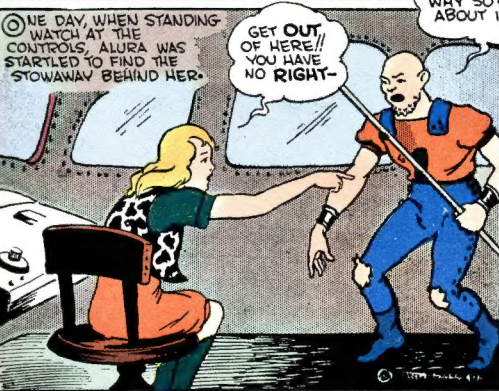
YEAH! A TIGER MAN TOO, I FOUND HIM AMONG THE SUPPLIES, UNCONSCIOUS! COME ON!



WHAT'S THAT? - A STOWAWAY ON BOARD?

WHERE?

WELL, WHAT IF I AM HERE? WHY SO JUMPY ABOUT IT?



GET OUT OF HERE!! YOU HAVE NO RIGHT-

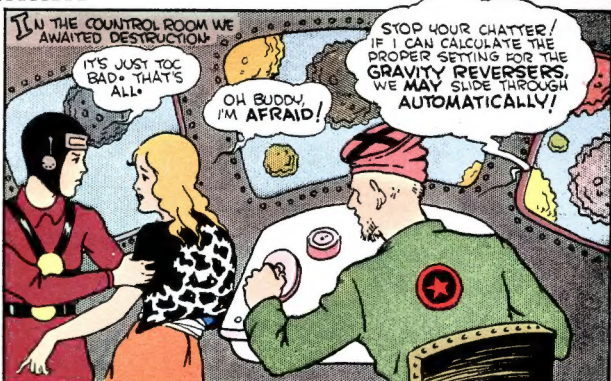


I HEARD A RUMPLUS AND RUSHED TO THE CONTROL ROOM, BUT HE HAD A FORCE RAY GUN.

LET GO! LET GO, I TELL YOU!

OOOOF!

HA! NOW I HAVE CONTROL OF THE SHIP!

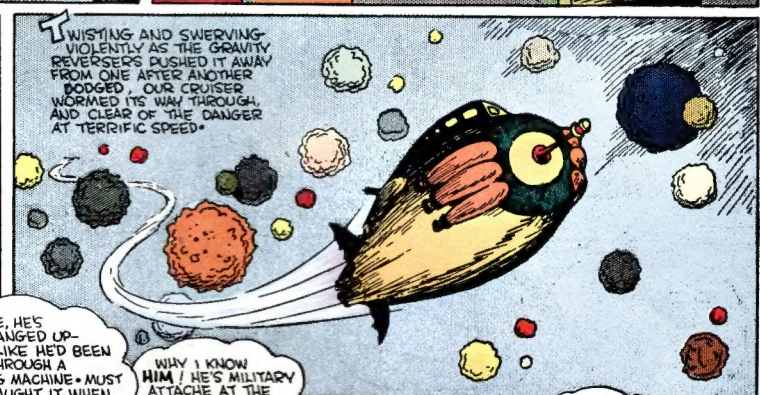


IN THE CONTROL ROOM WE AWAITED DESTRUCTION.

IT'S JUST TOO BAD - THAT'S ALL!

OH BUDDY, I'M AFRAID!

STOP YOUR CHATTER! IF I CAN CALCULATE THE PROPER SETTING FOR THE GRAVITY REVERSERS, WE MAY SLIDE THROUGH AUTOMATICALLY!



TWISTING AND SWERVING VIOLENTLY AS THE GRAVITY REVERSERS PUSHED IT AWAY FROM ONE AFTER ANOTHER DODGED, OUR CRUISER WORMED ITS WAY THROUGH AND CLEAR OF THE DANGER AT TERRIFIC SPEED.

SEE, HE'S ALL BANGED UP - LOOKS LIKE HE'D BEEN PUT THROUGH A WASHING MACHINE - MUST HAVE CAUGHT IT WHEN WE DODGED THROUGH THOSE PLANETOIDS.

WHY I KNOW HIM! HE'S MILITARY ATTACHE AT THE TIGER LEGATION - WHAT'S HE DOING HERE?



WHEN HE FINALLY RECOVERED CONSCIOUSNESS.

WHERE AM I? HOW DID I GET HERE? WHERE IS THIS SHIP GOING?

YOU'VE GOT A LONG, LONG VIBR AHEAD OF YOU, BROTHER. YOU BETTER TAKE IT EASY.

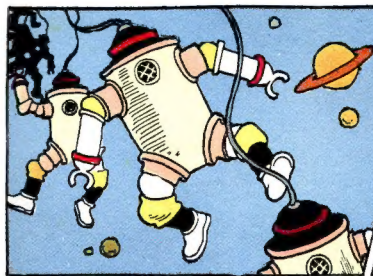
SH! DON'T TRUST HIM, BUDDY!



WHAT'S THE MATTER?

THAT STOWAWAY! HE'S GOT ALURA! HE'S BARRICADED HIMSELF IN THERE! - HE'S GOT CONTROL OF THE SHIP!

DICK CALKINS



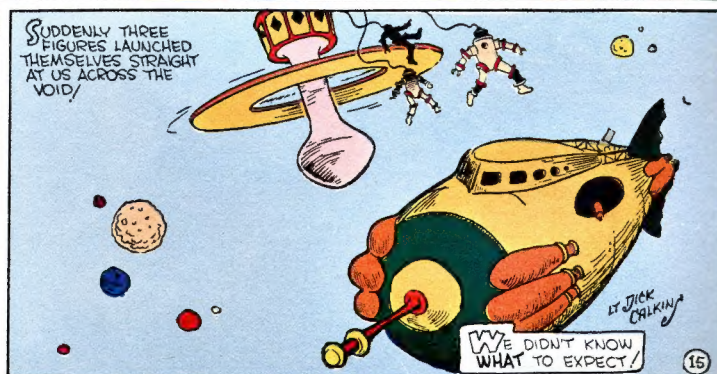
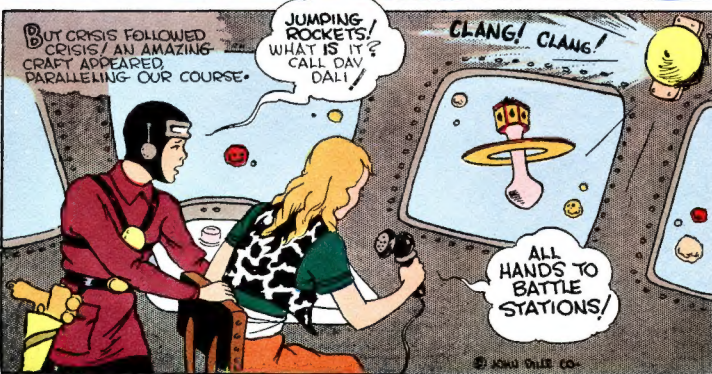
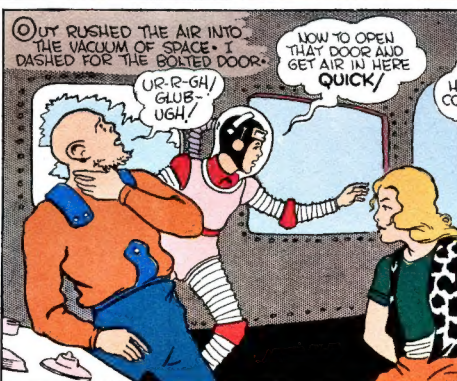
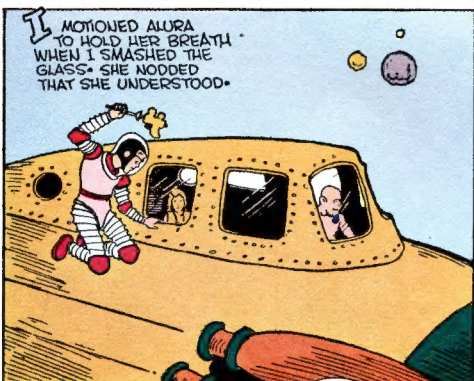
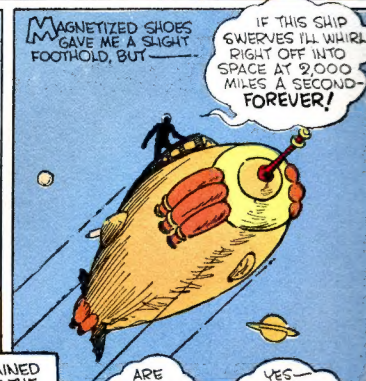
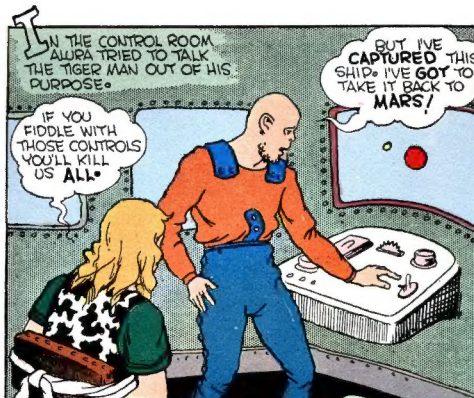
DEAR READER:
ON WE SPED AT 2,000 MILES A SECOND—BEYOND MARS—PAST MIGHTY JUPITER WHERE IT SWUNG THROUGH SPACE 495 MILLION MILES FROM THE SUN—ON—ON—TOWARD PLANET X! NOTHING CHECKED OUR FLASHING SPEED—FOR IN OUTER SPACE THERE WAS NO ATMOSPHERE TO HOLD US BACK! BUT A LONE TIGER MAN HAD STOWED AWAY ABOARD OUR CRAFT. HE HAD BARRICADED HIMSELF IN THE CONTROL ROOM AND— WE WERE AT HIS MERCY!!

Buddy Deering

BUCK ROGERS

By
PHIL NOWLAN
AND
DICK CALKINS

THE STRANGE SPACE SHIP

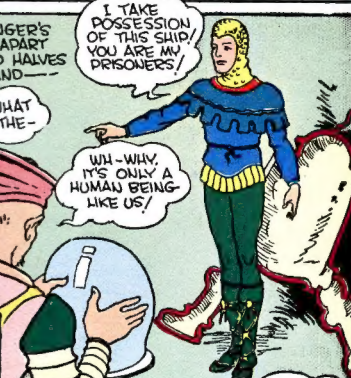
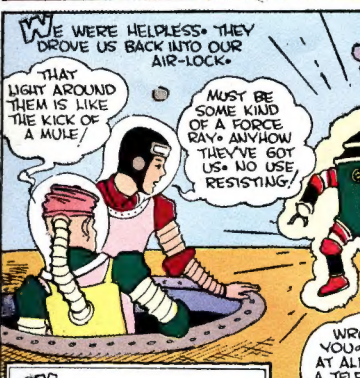
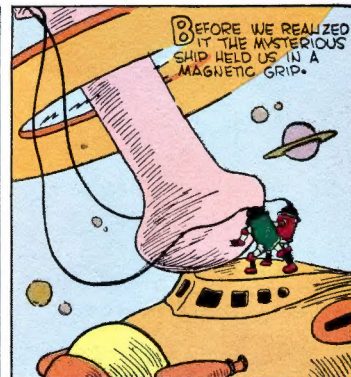
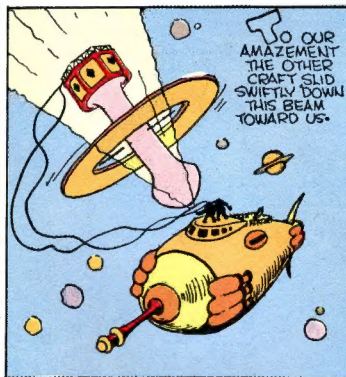
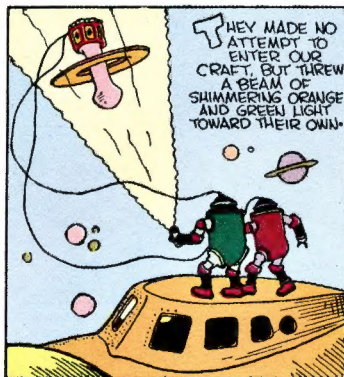


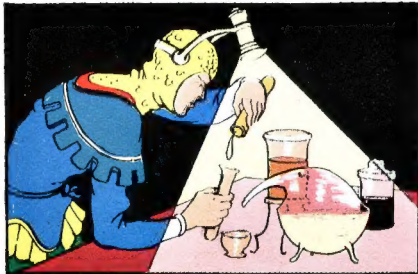
BUCK ROGERS

DEAR READER:
ALURA, A PRINCESS OF THE GOLDEN PEOPLE OF MARS, AND I WERE FLASHING THROUGH SPACE AT THE UNBELIEVABLE SPEED OF 2,000 MILES A SECOND ON OUR WAY TO EXPLORE PLANET "X," WHICH IN 2430 A.D. WAS ABOUT 15 BILLION MILES AWAY ON ITS ELLIPTIC ORBIT. WE HAD COVERED ABOUT A THIRTIETH OF THE DISTANCE, AND PASSED JUPITER, WHEN WE FOUND A MYSTERIOUS CRAFT PARALLELING OUR COURSE THROUGH SPACE. SUDDENLY STARTLING FIGURES HAD LAUNCHED THEMSELVES AT US ACROSS THE VOID. *Buddy Steiner*

By
PAUL HOWLAN
AND
DICK CALKINS

MASTERS OF THE RAY





DEAR READER:
HERE WE WERE—EARTHLINGS AND MARTIANS—OUR ROCKET-SHIP FLASHING ON THROUGH SPACE TOWARD PLANET "X" AT 2000 MILES A SECOND—YET WE WERE HELPLESS PRISONERS OF STRANGE MEN WHO COMMANDED IRRESISTIBLE FORCES OF NATURE—WHO COULD READ OUR VERY THOUGHTS AND PROJECT THEIR OWN INTO OUR MINDS—WHO DESPITE OUR TERRIFIC SPEED HAD EASILY BROUGHT THEIR MYSTEROUS SPACE CRAFT ALONGSIDE AND BOARDED US—WHENCE HAD THEY COME? WHAT DID THEY WANT OF US?

Buddy Dering

BUCK ROGERS

2430 A.D.

By PAUL NOWLAN and DICK CAIKINS

PRISONERS OF SATURN

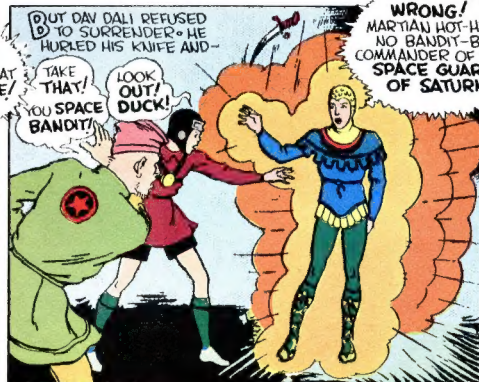


IN OUR CONTROL CABIN THE STRANGER DOMINATED US BY SHEER WILL POWER. HE SPOKE NO WORD—BUT WE UNDERSTOOD.

PUT UP YOUR GUNS, BOYS—WE'RE LICKED.

HE'D KNOW EVERYTHING WE WERE GOING TO DO BEFORE WE DID IT.

YOU ARE WISE—ALL BUT THAT MAN THERE!



BUT DAVE DALI REFUSED TO SURRENDER. HE HURLED HIS KNIFE AND—

TAKE THAT!

LOOK OUT! DUCK!

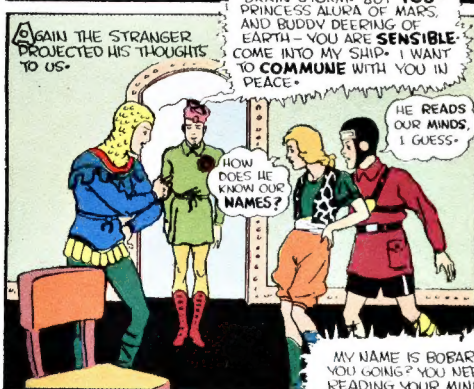
YOU SPACE BANDIT!

WRONG! MARTIAN HOT-HEAD! NO BANDIT—BUT COMMANDER OF THE SPACE GUARD OF SATURN!



UR-R-R—GH?!!

THIS HYPNO-PARALYSIS RAY WILL KEEP YOU QUIET FOR A WHILE!

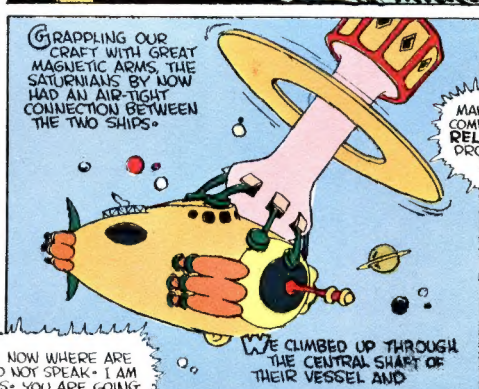


AGAIN THE STRANGER PROJECTED HIS THOUGHTS TO US.

THIS MARTIAN HAS A BRAIN STORM. BUT YOU—PRINCESS ALUNA OF MARS, AND BUDDY DEERING OF EARTH—YOU ARE SENSIBLE. COME INTO MY SHIP. I WANT TO COMMUNE WITH YOU IN PEACE.

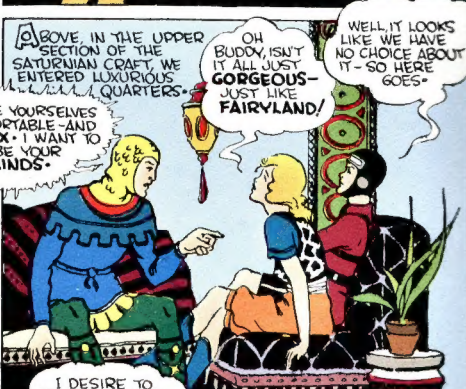
HE READS OUR MINDS, I GUESS.

HOW DOES HE KNOW OUR NAMES?



GRAPPLING OUR CRAFT WITH GREAT MAGNETIC ARMS, THE SATURNIANS BY NOW HAD AN AIR-TIGHT CONNECTION BETWEEN THE TWO SHIPS.

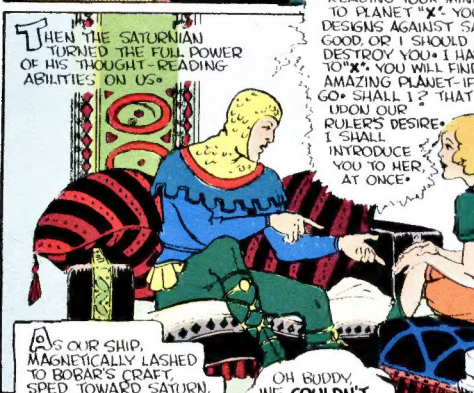
WE CLIMBED UP THROUGH THE CENTRAL SHAFT OF THEIR VESSEL AND



ABOVE, IN THE UPPER SECTION OF THE SATURNIAN CRAFT, WE ENTERED LUXURIOUS QUARTERS.

OH BUDDY, ISN'T IT ALL JUST GORGEOUS—JUST LIKE FAIRYLAND!

WELL, IT LOOKS LIKE WE HAVE NO CHOICE ABOUT IT—SO HERE GOES.



THEN THE SATURNIAN TURNED THE FULL POWER OF HIS THOUGHT-READING ABILITIES ON US.

MY NAME IS BOBAR. NOW WHERE ARE YOU GOING? YOU NEED NOT SPEAK. I AM READING YOUR MINDS. YOU ARE GOING TO PLANET "X". YOU HAVE NO EVIL DESIGNS AGAINST SATURN—THAT IS GOOD, OR I SHOULD HAVE TO DESTROY YOU. I HAVE BEEN TOLD "X" YOU WILL FIND IT AN AMAZING PLANET—IF I LET YOU GO. SHALL I? THAT DEPENDS UPON OUR RULER'S DESIRE. I SHALL INTRODUCE YOU TO HER, AT ONCE.

BOBAR LED US TO ANOTHER CABIN, WHERE ON A TELEVISION SCREEN—

OH SUPREME MAJESTY, I PROJECT TO YOU THE IMAGES OF THESE TWO BEINGS FROM MARS AND EARTH.



I DESIRE TO SEE THEM IN THE FLESH. ALTER YOUR COURSE, AND BRING THEM TO SATURN.

WE DON'T WANT TO GO TO SATURN—YET!

BUT—BUT—

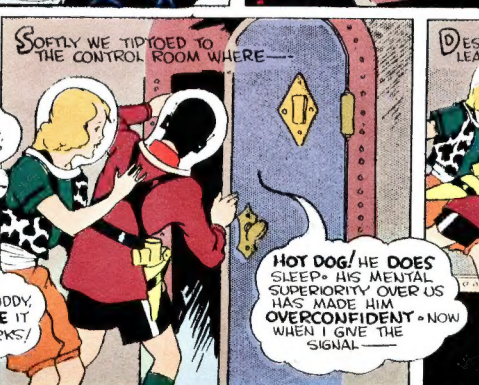


AS OUR SHIP, MAGNETICALLY LASHED TO BOBAR'S CRAFT, SPED TOWARD SATURN, WE PLOTTED A STROKE FOR FREEDOM.

OH BUDDY, WE COULDN'T GET AWAY WITH IT! BOBAR HAS CAMPED RIGHT IN OUR OWN CONTROL ROOM, AND HE CAN READ OUR THOUGHTS!

NOT IF WE WEAR HELMETS! REMEMBER HE SAID SO HIMSELF. NOW IF THESE SATURNIANS SLEEP LIKE OTHER PEOPLE—

OH BUDDY, I HOPE IT WORKS!



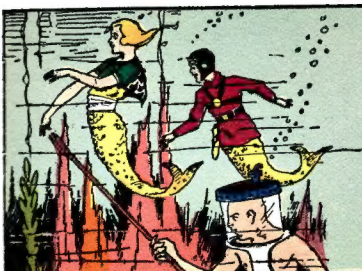
SOFTLY WE TIPTOED TO THE CONTROL ROOM WHERE—

HOT DOG! HE DOES SLEEP. HIS MENTAL SUPERIORITY OVER US HAS MADE HIM OVERCONFIDENT. NOW WHEN I GIVE THE SIGNAL—



DESPERATELY WE LEAPED UPON HIM!

ZZZZZZZZ



DEAR READER:
WITH ALURA, PRINCESS OF MARS,
AND DAY DALL, MOST FAMOUS OF THE
RED PLANET'S ASTRONOMICAL ENGINEERS,
I WAS SPEEDING OUT THROUGH THE SOLAR
SYSTEM TOWARD PLUTO — THE TENTH
PLANET, WHICH FIRST HAD BEEN SIGHTED
IN 1930 (SO BUCK ROGERS TOLD ME) AS
PLANET "X" — BUT WE HAD BEEN CAPTURED
BY BOBAR AND HIS SATURNIANS, MEN
OF AMAZING POWERS, WHO COULD READ
OUR MINDS AND WHO PROTECTED THEM-
SELVES WITH GLOWING ZONES OF FORCE
THAT TURNED ASIDE POWERFUL BLOWS.

Buddy Steiner

BUCK ROGERS

IN THE YEAR
2430 A.D.

By
PHIL NOWLAN
AND
DICK CALKINS

THE FISH MEN OF PLUTO

BOBAR CONSIDERED US MARTIANS AND EARTHLINGS INTERIOR CREATURES. OVERCONFIDENT, HE FELT ASLEEP IN OUR CONTROL ROOM WHILE HIS STRANGE SHIP WHIRLED US TOWARD SATURN. WEARING HELMETS TO "SHORT-CIRCUIT" OUR THOUGHT EMANATIONS, WHICH MIGHT HAVE WARNED HIM, ALURA AND I LEAPED UPON THE SATURNIAN.

"I'VE GOT HIM! QUICK! SLAP YOUR OWN HELMET OVER HIS HEAD."

"THEN HE CAN'T THINK! A WARNING TO HIS OWN SHIP."

"WE HAD HIM TIED UP HELPLESS IN A JIFFY."

"HULLO! WHAT'S THIS? SEE, IT GLOW! I KNOW! IT'S THE GENERATOR OF THAT FORCE EMANATION HE USES FOR PROTECTION."

"COME BUDDY! WE'VE GOT TO CUT THE SHIP'S APART AT ONCE."

"WE TURNED A ROCKET BLAST ON THE GREAT FLYWHEEL OF THE SATURNIAN CRAFT."

"THE ROCKET BLAST SLOWED DOWN THE GYROSCOPIC ACTION OF THE GREAT FLYWHEEL. THE GRIP OF THE MAGNETIC GRAPPLERS WEAKENED. OUR CRAFT BEGAN TO WRENCH LOOSE."

"IN A FLASH WE LEFT IT FAR BEHIND, SHOOTING OFF AT A TANGENT TO OUR COURSE AS"

"WE SWUNG AROUND IN A VAST ARC AND AGAIN HEADED FOR PLANET 'X'."

"ON WE FLASHED—DAY AFTER DAY—AT OVER 2,000 MILES PER SECOND."

"PAST URANUS—65 TIMES AS LARGE AS EARTH—AS IT SWUNG SLOUGHLISHLY AROUND ITS 84-YEAR ORBIT."

"ON—ON—ON. PAST NEPTUNE, 30 TIMES AS FAR FROM THE SUN AS EARTH, DRIFTING SO LAZILY THROUGH SPACE THAT ITS YEAR EQUALS 164 EARTH YEARS."

"BOBAR OF SATURN HAD NO GRUDGE FOR THE WAY WE HAD TURNED THE TABLES ON HIM. HE LEARNED OUR LANGUAGE, AND TAUGHT US MUCH SCIENCE."

"IT MUST BE FROZEN—SO FAR FROM THE SUN."

"NO—BOBAR SAYS IT HAS INTERNAL HEAT."

"VOLCANOES, LIKE?"

"I CAN HELP YOU MUCH WHEN WE REACH PLANET 'X'. I HAVE BEEN THERE. YOU WILL FIND IT A STRANGE—STRANGE PLANET."

"MONTHS PASSED. THEN PLANET 'X' LOOMED BEFORE US—STRANGEST OF PLANETS."

"INTERIOR LIGHT AND WARMTH FLASHED OUT THROUGH HOLES OR CRATERS IN ITS COLD LIFELESS OUTER SHELL."

"WE LANDED AT LAST. THE ENTIRE SURFACE OF THIS WORLD WAS A FROZEN PLAIN, EXCEPT WHERE"

"LOOKS WARM ENOUGH THERE!"

"SEE! THERE! WHERE THE LIGHT SHINES UP!"

"WH—WHY—I RELIEVE IT'S WATER!"

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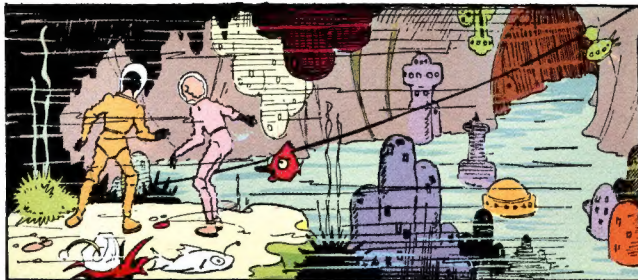
"THEN EVEN AS WE GAZED."

"SIZZLING ROCKETS! A TRAIN OF TANK CARS COMING UP OUT OF A LAKE!"

"WHY IT CAN'T BE! YES IT IS! WHY, BUDDY, THEY'RE FISH MEN!"

"AH! QUANT METHOD OF TRANSPORTATION, ISN'T IT? I TOLD YOU YOU'D FIND A STRANGE PLANET."

(18)



HERE WE WERE AT LAST—BOBAR OF SATURN, DAY DALL AND PRINCESS ALURA OF MARS, AND MYSELF, BUDDY DEERING OF EARTH—INTER-PLANETARY VICTORS TO PLANET X (OR PLUTO, AS ITS DISCOVERERS HAD LATER NAMED IT 500 YEARS BEFORE IN 1930 A.D.)—FAR BEYOND NEPTUNE, BILLIONS OF MILES FROM THE SUN, IT SWUNG THROUGH FAR REACHES OF SPACE, BLEAK, DIM AND COLD—BUT BENEATH ITS GHOSTLY, FROZEN SURFACE, THROUGH ITS VAST, FAR-FLUNG CAVERNS AND TUNNELS, FLOWED LUMINESCENT WATERS, WARMED BY THE PLANET'S INTERIOR HEAT—AND HERE THE FISH MEN OF PLUTO HAD DEVELOPED THEIR AMAZING CIVILIZATION.

Buck Rogers

2430 A.D.

PAUL HOWLAND
DICK CALKINS

THE MENACE FROM BELOW

AS BOBAR, ALURA AND I STOOD ON THE FROZEN PLUTONIAN PLAIN, A TRAIN OF TANK CARS FILLED WITH FISH MEN SURGED UP FROM THE WATERS OF THE IRRIDESCENT LAKE, AND

-- SHOT AWAY OVER THE SURFACE OF THE PLANET.

WHY, WHY, THEY WERE BREATHING WATER IN THOSE TANK CARS!

BUT BOBAR, IF THEY LIVE UNDER WATER, WHY DO THEY COME OUT IN THE AIR?

FOR RAPID TRANSIT! THEY CAN'T MOVE SO FAST IN WATER—I CAUGHT A THOUGHT EMANATION FROM THEM. AN OFFICIAL IS COMING UP OUT OF THE LAKE TO WELCOME US.

AT THE EDGE OF THE LAKE WE WAITED FOR THE PLUTONIAN OFFICIAL.

WITH THESE TELEPATHOSENSITIERS I MADE YOU, YOU SHOULD BE ABLE TO COMMUNICATE MENTALLY WITH HIM AT CLOSE RANGE.

I WISH HE'D COME. I'M GETTING COLD!

--AND WE COME IN PEACE, FROM THE SUNWARD PLANETS, SATURN, MARS AND EARTH.

THERE'S OUR ROCKET-SHIP.

IT'S AS BRIGHT AS DAY DOWN THERE—I CAN SEE EVERYTHING—IT—OH HERE HE COMES!

IN THE NAME OF THE CITIES OF THE UPPER NETWORK, I WELCOME YOU—BUT HOW IS IT THAT I UNDERSTAND YOU?

IT TOOK US MONTHS, TRAVELLING 2,000 MILES A SECOND.

THE FISH-MAN EMERGED WEARING A WATER-TANK HELMET—HE HAD WEBBED HANDS AND FEET.

THE PLUTONIAN'S NAME WAS UR-ULIB. AFTER MUTUAL EXPLANATIONS HE INVITED US BELOW. WE WORE OUR AIR-TIGHT SPACE SUITS.

DON'T BE SCARED, ALURA.

I CAN'T HELP IT—B-BUT I'M NO Q-QUITTER.

OUR SUITS ARE TOO HEAVY TO SWIM, UR-ULIB. WHAT SHALL WE DO?

WALK THEN, WHILE I SWIM ABOVE YOU.

WE DESCENDED INTO AN AMAZING WORLD.

LOOK AT THAT CRAZY FISH!

AND THOSE WONDERFUL SEA-WEED 'TREES'!

IT'S FORTUNATE YOU BREATHE WATER INSTEAD OF AIR.

UNTOLD AGES AGO OUR RACE LIVED ON THE SURFACE AND BREATHED AIR. BUT AS OUR WORLD COOLED, WE TOOK TO THE WATER, LITTLE BY LITTLE, TO ESCAPE THE OUTER COLD—WE'RE TOO FAR FROM THE SUN TO GET ITS WARMTH.

AT LENGTH WE PASSED THROUGH A TUNNEL AND CAME OUT UPON A MARVELOUS CITY, BUILT UPON THE FLOOR AND ROOF OF A GIGANTIC CAVERN. AIR-FILLED APARTMENTS WERE PREPARED FOR US IN THE UPPER CITY.

HOW DO YOU LIKE YOUR QUARTERS?

IT'S JUST LIKE WHAT WE'D CALL A 'DIVING BELL' ON EARTH.

IT'S NICE TO FIND YOU PEOPLE SO HUMAN. WHAT'S YOUR NAME?

I'M LUL-ULIB, UR-ULIB'S DAUGHTER.

ISN'T THE WATER NICE AND WARM—SAY LUL, WHAT'S THAT BIG HOLE THERE?

THESE WATER-FLOWERS ARE JUST DARLING.

THAT'S THE GATE TO THE LOWER WATERS, WHERE THE FIERCE URBS LIVE.

WE WORE PLUTONIAN GARB WHEN WE WENT ABROAD.

SUDDENLY, WITHOUT WARNING, AN INKY STREAM GUSHED OUT OF THE OPENING.

WHAT IS IT?

QUICK! SWIM FOR IT! IT'S THE POISONED WATER OF THE URBS!



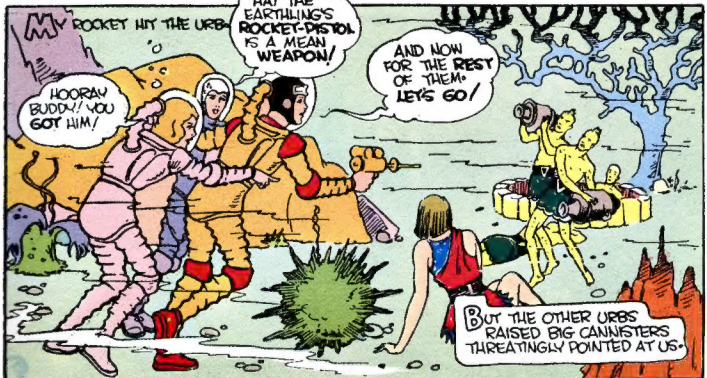
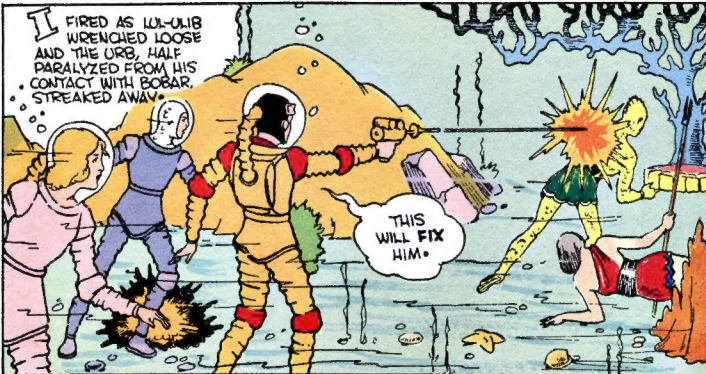
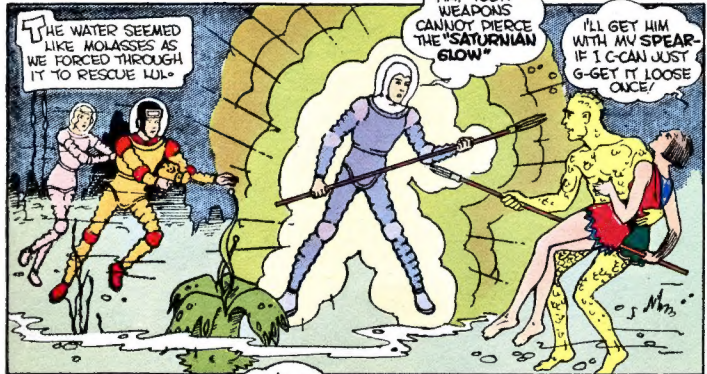
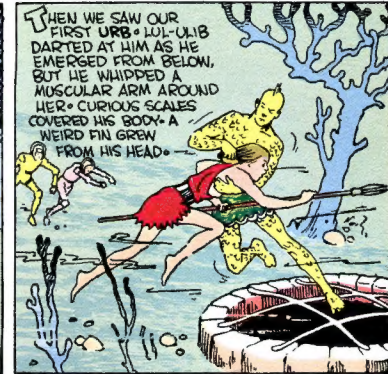
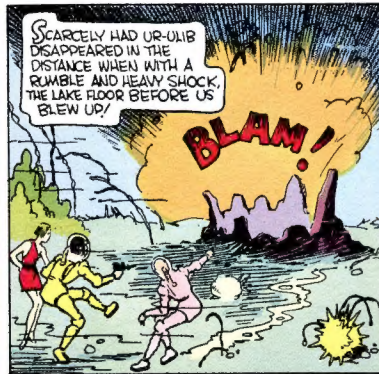
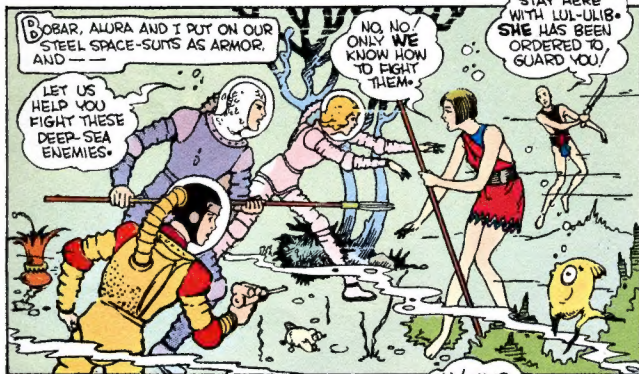
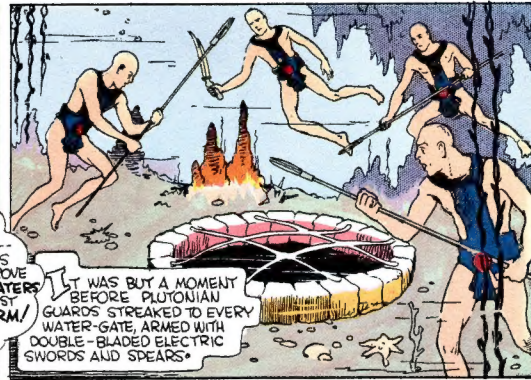
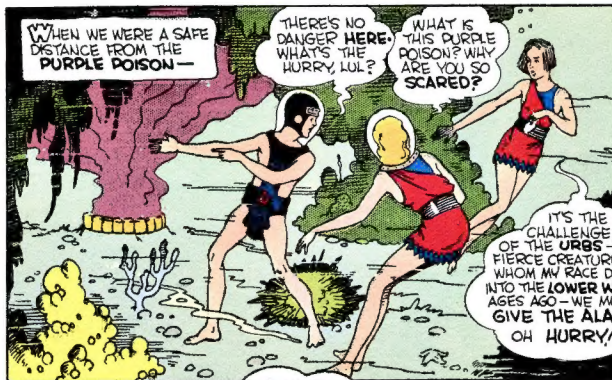
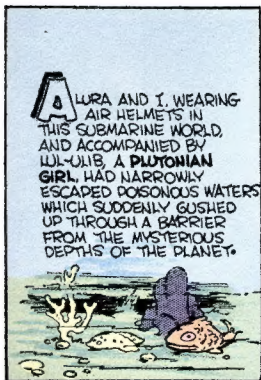
FAR, FAR BEYOND NEPTUNE, ON THE RIM OF THE SOLAR SYSTEM WHERE THE WARMTH OF THE SUN IS AS ONLY THE GLEAM OF A TINY STAR, THE PLANET PLUTO SWINGS ETERNALLY THROUGH THE COLD VOID OF SPACE. YET BENEATH ITS FROZEN CRUST, IN THE WARM LUMINESCENT WATERS PERMEATING ITS INTERIOR WE FOUND VIBRANT LIFE, AND AN AMAZING CIVILIZATION OF MEN WHO COUNTLESS GENERATIONS BEFORE HAD LEARNED TO LIVE AND BREATHE UNDER WATER AS THE COULD ON THE PLANET MADE LIFE IMPOSSIBLE ON THE SURFACE. *Buddy Deering*

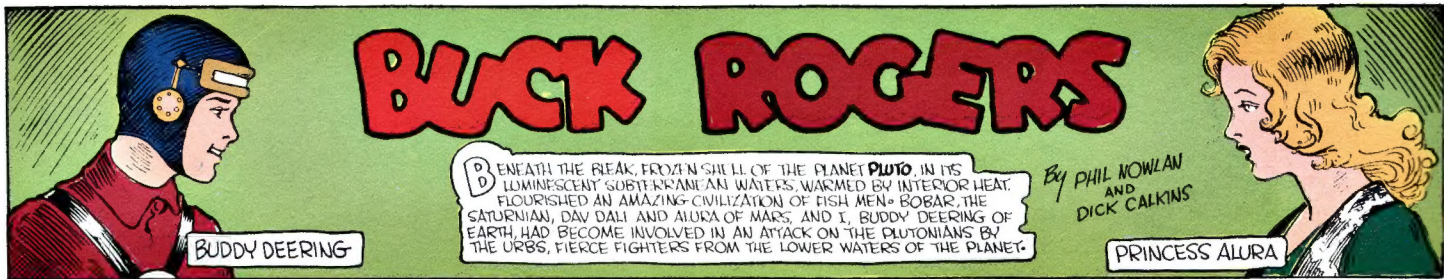
BUCK ROGERS

2430 A.D.

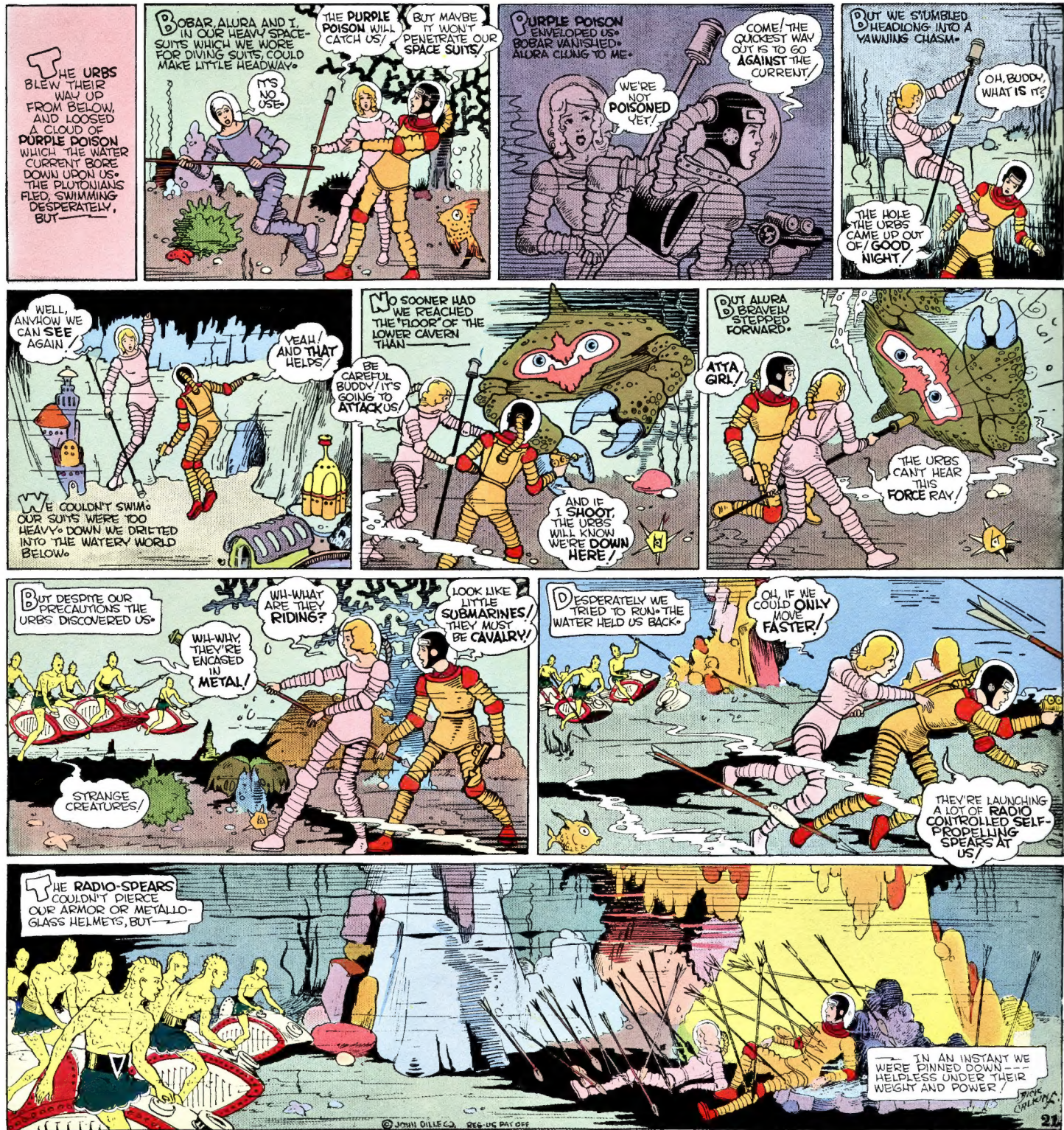
By
PHIL NOWLAN
AND
DICK CALKINS

THE REBELLION OF THE MEDUSAE





THE RADIO SPEARMEN



WHILE OUR CREW WAITED ON THE COLD BREAK SURFACE OF THE PLANET OUTDO, WONDERING WHAT WOULD BECOME OF US, BOBBY THE SATURNIAN, VAINLY SEARCHED THE WATERS OF THE UPPER NETWORK FOR US—

PHIL NOWLAN

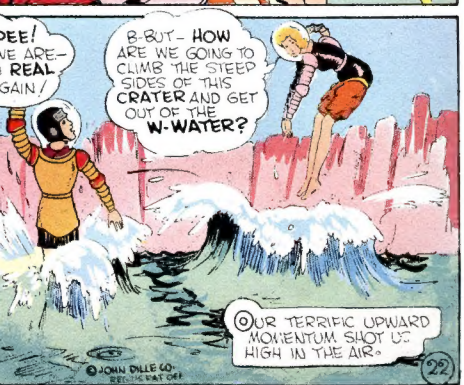
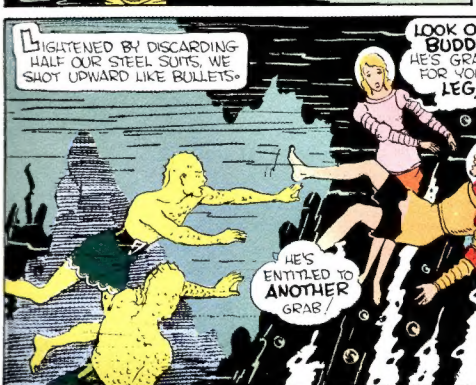
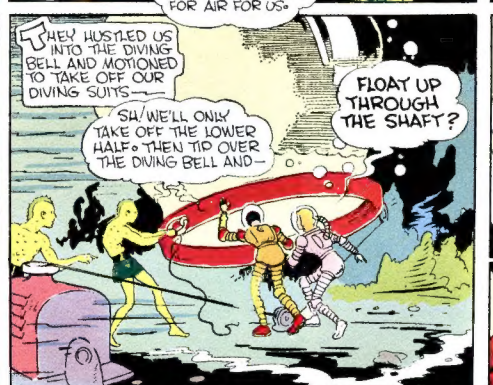
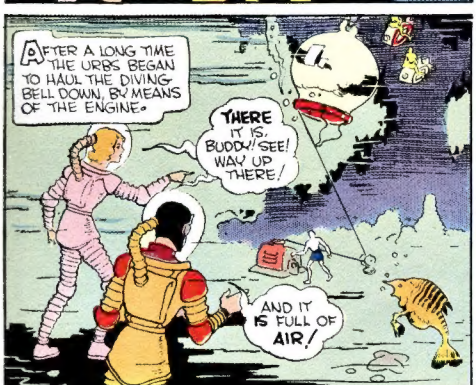
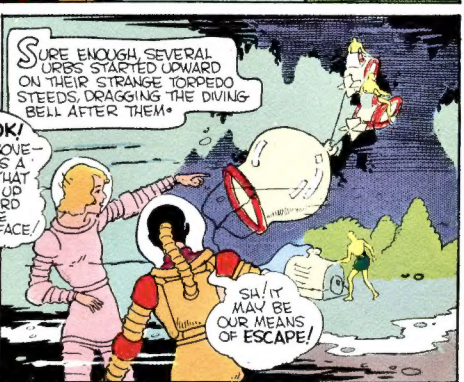
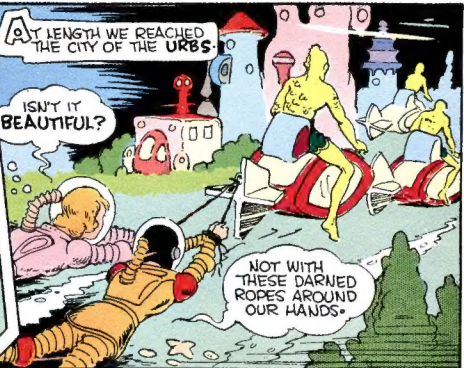
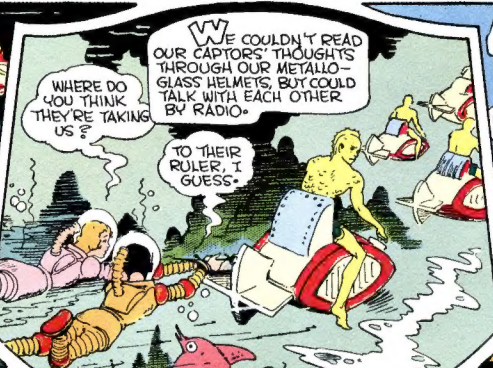
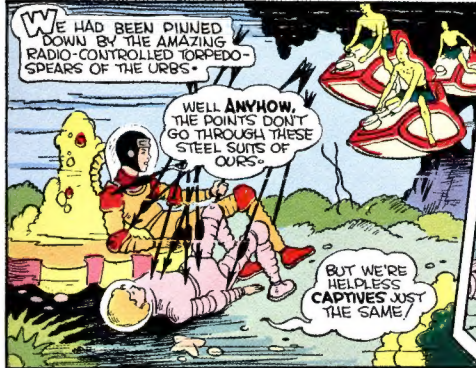
BUCK ROGERS

DICK CALKINS

WE ACCIDENTALLY PENETRATED THE LOWER WATERS OF THE PLANET, WHERE WE WERE ATTACKED BY PIERCE URBS, THE AGE OLD ENEMIES OF THE PLUTONIANS.

2430 A.D.

UP FROM THE DEPTHS





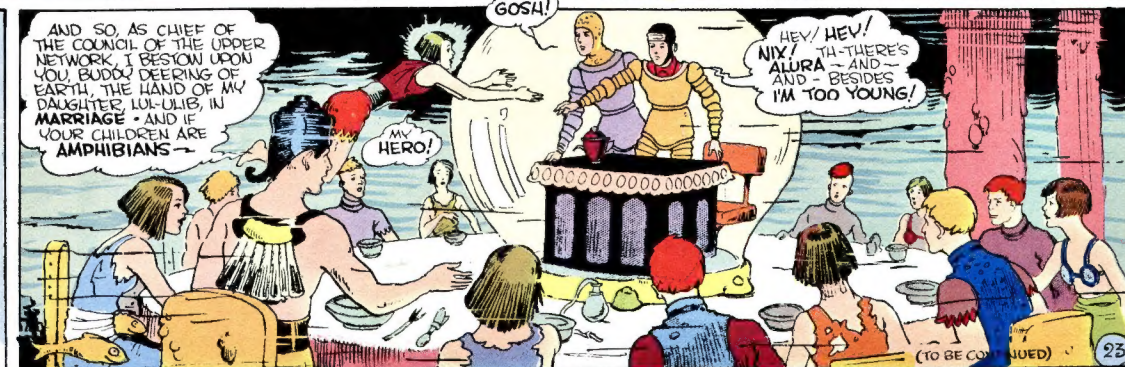
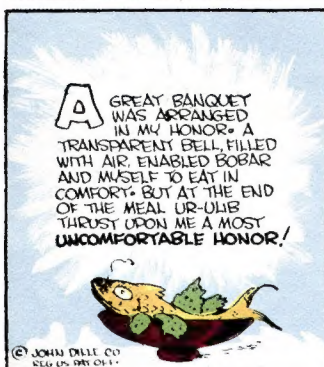
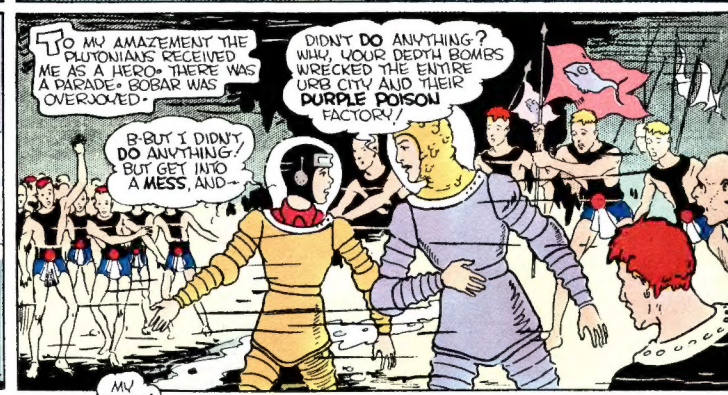
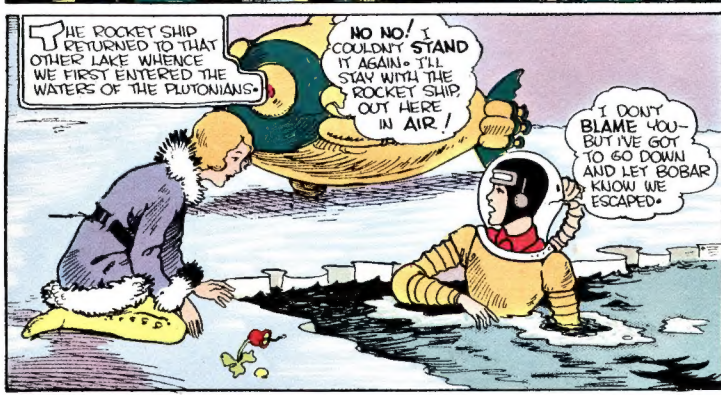
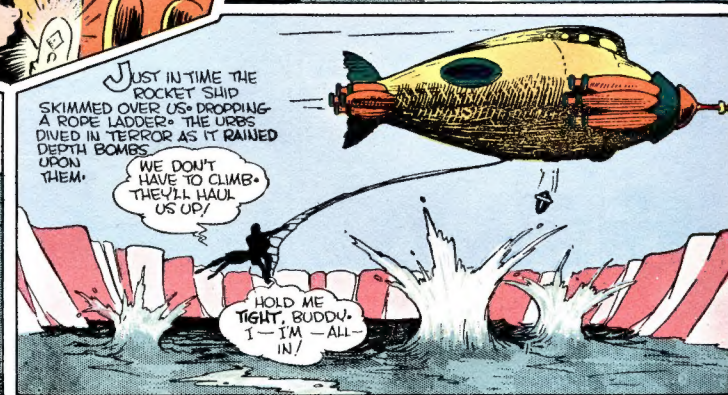
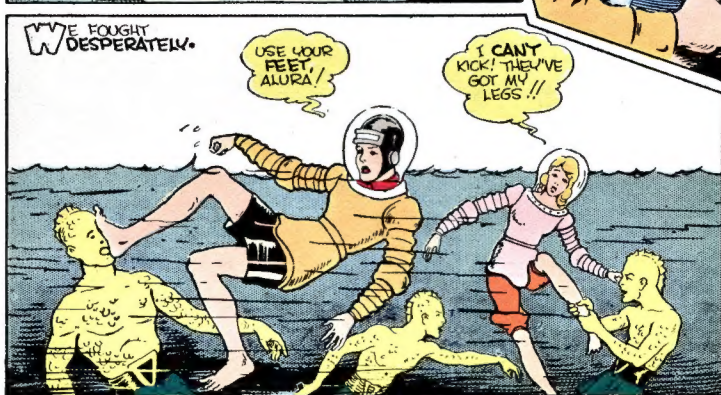
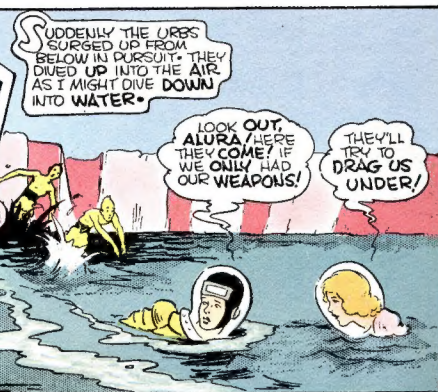
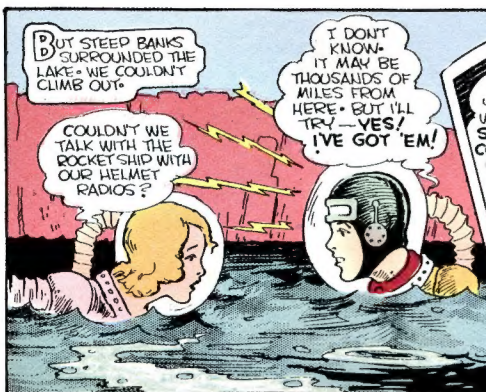
BUCK ROGERS

2430 A.D.

ALURA AND I HAD ESCAPED FROM THE URBS IN THE LOWER WATERS OF THE PLANET PLUTO, BY SHOOTING UP A WATER SHAFT THAT LED TO ONE OF THOSE LAKES ON THE BLEAK SURFACE OF THIS STRANGE PLANET.

WRITTEN BY: PHIL NOWLAN
DRAWN BY: DICK CALKINS

UNWELCOME HONORS



BUCK ROGERS

2430 A.D.

I HAD MADE THE PLANET PLUTO SAFE FOR PLUTONIANS. WHERE-UPON THEY HAD WELCOMED ME WITH THE MOST UNWELCOME OF HONORS - INSISTING THAT LUL-ULIB, WHO WAS A SORT OF DRINKING AMONG THEM, SHOULD MARRY ME. I DIDN'T KNOW HOW TO GET OUT OF IT.

By
PHIL NOWLAN
AND
JACK CALKINS

FAREWELL TO PLUTO

THE PLUTONIANS WERE GRIMLY DETERMINED. HAD I DEFIED THEM IT WOULD HAVE MEANT VIOLENCE.

TO REFUSE THIS HONOR WOULD BE AN INSULT DESERVING DEATH!

EASY BUDDY, EASY! STALL FOR TIME!

OH, I APPRECIATE THE HONOR, ALL RIGHT, BUT-ER- YOU SEE I'M NOT ACCUSTOMED TO GETTING MARRIED. AND-ER- LET ME HAVE A LITTLE TIME TO THINK IT OVER.

THEY GAVE ME TIME, ALL RIGHT, BUT WE WERE PRACTICALLY PRISONERS IN OUR AIR QUARTERS.

SUDDENLY LUL-ULIB HERSELF LEAPED OUT OF THE WATER- ENTRANCE TO OUR QUARTERS.

WHY-ER-AH- OH-HULLO LUL!

WHOA! WAIT! HE ISN'T MARRIED TO YOU YET!

I KNOW! AND HE DOESN'T WANT TO MARRY! SU-H-H-H! NEITHER DO I!

A LOT OF GOOD IT DID TO STALL FOR TIME.

YEAH! THEY TOOK OUR AIR HELMETS. WE'RE NOT LOCKED IN, BUT IF WE SWIM OUT, WE DROWN!

I CAME TO AN UNDERSTANDING WITH LUL.

YOU'RE A NICE KID, LUL! GEE IT'S GOOD YOU'RE SO SENSIBLE!

IT WOULD BE RIDICULOUS FOR YOU TWO TO MARRY. WHY DON'T YOU BREATHE THE SAME ELEMENT!

NO! ONE OF US WOULD HAVE TO STRANGLE EVERY TIME WE TRIED TO KISS EACH OTHER! I'LL HELP YOU TO ESCAPE!

SHE SHOWED US HOW WE MIGHT GET TO THE SURFACE OF THE PLANET.

GOOD-BYE LUL! YOU'RE A PEACH. IF YOU EVER GET TO EARTH, LOOK ME UP.

YOU'LL ALWAYS FIND A WELCOME ON SATURN!

GOOD-BYE!

WE WERE TO USE THE WATER HELMETS AS AIR HELMETS.

YEAH, BUT THEY'VE GOT NO OXYGEN GENERATORS. WHY DIDN'T SHE BRING US OUR OWN HELMETS?

WE'RE LUCKY TO GET ANY. I GUESS THEY DESTROYED OURS, OR LOCKED THEM UP.

THERE WAS NO GUARD TO STOP US. WE GOT OUT EASILY. STEALTHILY WE PUSHED TOWARD THE WATER SHAFT UP TO THE LAKE.

GOOD WE BROUGHT THESE STONES ALONG TO WEIGH US DOWN!

WE CAN DROP THEM IN A MINUTE AND SHOOT TO THE SURFACE!

ONCE UNDER THE SHAFT WE DROPPED THE STONES AND SHOT UPWARD.

HERE WE GO!

THEY CAN'T CATCH US NOW!

WE CAME SO FAST WE SHOT INTO THE AIR.

B-R-R-R-R!

SAFE ON TOP AT LAST!

WH-WHY IS IT BUDDY-AND BOBAR!

QUICK! DAY! SOMETHING MUST HAVE HAPPENED!

WHAT'S THE MATTER!

WE'VE GOT TO GET AWAY FROM THIS PLANET QUICK!

SURE! US! LET'S GO!

AND NO FOOLING!

WE SCRAMBLED ABOARD THE ROCKET SHIP AND STREAKED FOR EARTH. THE LONG DREARY TRIP PASSED WITHOUT INCIDENT, EXCEPT THAT-

WE'RE NEAR SATURN NOW. MIGHT I USE YOUR RADIOPHONE TO CALL SOME OF MY FRIENDS?

SURE- WHY NOT? HELP YOURSELF!

LITTLE DID I REALIZE THE TERRIBLE DANGERS WE WERE TO FACE BACK ON EARTH AS A RESULT OF BOBAR'S RADIO TALK WITH HIS FRIENDS ON SATURN.

AS WE GAZED, AN AMAZING THING HAPPENED.

WHY-IT'S WHITE HOT MELTING AND FLOWING AWAY!

SOMEONE HAS DELIBERATELY DESTROYED IT! WHO? WHY?

COMING!

WE ALL RACED LIKE MAD TOWARD THE SHIP.

JOHN DILLE CO
REG US PAT OFF

JACK CALKINS